

Interview with Aunt Phoebe Boyd, Dunnsville, Virginia 1935

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Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yes, ma'am. I think they had, had three hundred people out.

[Mrs. John Faulconer Ware: And what did they produce (?)]?

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Out of [Clininton (?)].

Emily: [Clininton (?)].

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: [Clininton (?)].

Emily: Uhmm.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Get all. Get all the water outdoors and I run on in the church, you know.

Emily: Ah ha.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: I come on in the door, Brother Faulk, "Sister, Phoebe. Come here." [Then (?)] I say, "What you want with me?" [He said (?)], "Had you had any dinner?" I told him, "Yes, sir." [*laugh*]

Emily: He was very nice to you.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yes. Your mom raised him up.

Emily: Yeah.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: He's been to my house.

Emily: Yeah, and she told this man yesterday [he knew me (?)].

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Hmm?

Emily: [Used to find him in a minute, right there (?)].

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Who?

Emily: Ah, Reverend Faulk.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: He was at my house. You know, had them prayer meeting up here last week. Was it last week?

Emily: Yeah.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Last [weekend (?)]?

Emily: Yeah. Week before last.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yes.

Emily: Yes.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Well, how many converts did he have?

Emily: I didn't hear.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: I didn't know. But he was—

Emily: I can remember two.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: He, never comes in this neighborhood if he's got the time when he don't come to my house. He got to read the Bible and pray for me.

Emily: Ahha. Well, I declare!

[Guy S. Lowman (?)]: Yes.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yes, ma'am. [That's the word that comes, I knew him (?)]. I love him.

Emily: Yes, he's a good man. Well, I tell you don't people don't, don't go to church like they used to. They don't care so much for it.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Let me tell you something. Everything else in my house comes through the church. Who is we all without the Lord? Hmm?

Emily: That's it.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: He hold us in the [hull (?)] of his hand.

Emily: That's right.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Now don't he?

Emily: He certainly does.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: All power in his hand.

Emily: But the young ones is forgotten that.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yeah. But I'm telling you myself. And then they shame, they don't, don't honor him like they ought to.

Emily: That's it.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Don't do it.

Emily: No, they don't.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: And ah, because he [will the meaning, in my rest I talking to them (?)]. And the voice come to me and in my rest, I [pray up to (?)] heaven, please don't lock the door.

Emily: That's right. That's right.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: See?

Emily: Say, I know.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: The witness is in our breath.

Emily: Yeah.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: I went to the first free school after the Civil War. I was fixing get married then. *[laughter and a clap]* [Guy S. Lowman (?) *makes an indistinct remark*] [Mrs. John Faulconer Ware (?) *joins the laughter*] Fixing with getting married then and the first free school was, was ah opened after the Civil War. I went to it; and, and my husband didn't want me for to come out the school, so if I stayed in school he pay my way. Because he was [fending (?)] for me. And I could know my ABCs,

know my, know how to spell and everything but still [*confusing overlay of voices*] I, I could spell now sometime. [*laugh*]

Emily: Well, that's fine. That's fine.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: And, and if I had a kept on you know I could have—

Emily: —you could have been reading and writing—

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Certainly!

Emily: Yes, you would.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: And every child I have I sent every one to school. And ah—

Emily: Ahha.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: —every child I got can read and write except for Julius. She can read but she can't write.

Emily: Can't write. Well, I [*declare (?)*]!

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Lucy can read but she can't write.

Emily: Yeah. Well, how is Lucy now?

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Lucy. They say she's back [*broke (?)*].

Emily: She is?

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Now I been out that way there.

Emily: You have?

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yes, ma'am. [*voices overlap*] I've been right out there.

Emily: They always felt sorry for me.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Yeah. And ah, I don't know, you know a people in the world, you know we ain't got no friends. And some people ain't care nothing at all about you.

Emily: No.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: All they want to to live do like they want you to.

Emily: That's it. That's it.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: And if you do that, you all right. And I told Mr. ??? he want to [go way (?)] and ??? .

Emily: Yeah.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: Well, I never did have mine.

Emily: Yeah.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: I said, [Luther, you can go ahead (?)]. But it's the truth, but God are going a put a curse on you. And I say, "You mark what I tell you."

Emily: Yeah, ahha.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: And I said, "Mark what I tell you when I tell you anything I done looked at."

Emily: Yeah.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: [He (?)] use to work at the [factory (?)]. [Where they say this cut, come home and it was [Mary Duvon (?)] address in Washington. It was put just on record.

Emily: Ahha.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: The same [music (?)].

Emily: The same [music (?)]. I know.

Aunt Phoebe Boyd: When I was a little girl, I say, "That ain't no [music (?)]." I say's, "Stay at home." Going to all these—

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